



The Angler's Progress,

Written by Mr. H. BOAZ,

JULY the 4th, 1789.

Entered at STATIONER'S HALL, according to Act of Parliament.

I.

WHEN I was a mere *School-boy*, (ere yet I'd learn'd my Book)
I felt a Itch for ANGLING in every little Brook;
An Osier Rod, some Thread for Line, a crooked Pin for Hook,
And thus equipp'd, I angled in every little Brook;
Where *Prickle-backs* and *Minnows*, each Day I caught in Store,
With *Stone-loaches* and *Miller's-thumbs*, those Brooks afford no more:
And thus the little ANGLER, with crooked Pin for Hook,
Would shun each noisy *Wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring Brook.

II.

Then next I bought some Farthing Hooks, and eke a Horse-hair Line;
An Hazle Rod, with Whalebone Top, my Play-mates to outshine;
With which I soon aspired to angle with a Float;
And where I could not fish from Shore, I angled from a Boat;
Then *Roach* and *Dace*, and *Bleak* I took, and *Gudgeons* without End;
And now and then a *Pearch* I'd hook, which made my Rod to bend.
And thus the little ANGLER, pleas'd with his Line and Hook,
Would shun each noisy *Wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring Brook.

III.

Bream, *Chub*, and *Barbel*, next I sought, their various Haunts I try'd,
With scower'd *Worms*, *Greaves*, *Cheese*, and *Paste*, and various Baits beside;
With Hooks of *Kirby-bent*, well chose, and Gut that's round and fine,
So by Gradations thus I rose to fish with running Line:
A Multiplying Winch I bought, wherewith my Skill to try,
And so expert myself I thought, few with me now could vie:
And thus the little ANGLER, with Rod and Line, and Hook,
Would shun each noisy *Wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring Brook.

IV.

My Mind on *Trolling*, now intent, with live and dead Snap-hook
I seldom to the Rivers went, but *Pike* or *Jack* I took;
Near Banks of *Bulrush*, *Sedge*, and *Reed*; (a dark and windy Day)
And if the *Pike* were on their Feed, I rarely miss'd my Prey.
If Baits are Fresh, and proper Size, no Matter what's the Sort,
At *Gudgeons*, *Roach*, or *Dace* they'll rise; with all by Turns I've Sport.
So now a dext'rous ANGLER, with Rod and Line, and Hook,
I shunn'd each noisy *Wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring Brook.

V.

And now to cast a *Fly-line* well, became my chiefest Wish;
I strove each Sportsman to excel, and cheat the nimble *Fish*;
Now *Trout* and *Greyling* I could kill, if gloomy was the Day,
And *Salmon* also, at my Will, became an easy Prey;
Now *Flies* and *Palmer's* I could dress, *Aquatic Insects* too,
And all their various Seasons guess, their Uses well I knew:
So now a dext'rous ANGLER, with Line, and Rod, and Hook,
I shunn'd each noisy *Wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring Brook.

VI.

So now to close this charming Scene, which none but Sportsmen feel,
Be sure you keep the *Golden Mean*, nor arm your Hearts with Steel:
The Fish with Moderation take, and to the FAIR BE KIND;
And ne'er with them your promise break, but Virtue keep in Mind:
So *Wives* and *Sweethearts* now let's drink, let each Man fill his Glass,
And may we never speak or think, to disconcert our Lass.—
Then when our Lines are all worn out, and *feeble* grows the *Hook*,
They'll ne'er forget the ANGLER, that angled in the Brook.
They'll ne'er forget the ANGLER, that angled in the Brook.

